THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 10, 1804.

INTERESTING TRIAL FOR BIGAMY.

AT a court of oyer and terminer and general gaol delivery, held in the city of New York on the 22d June, 1804.

PRESENT,

The Hon. B. Livingſton, Eſq.
J. B. Prevoſt, Eſq. Recorder.
Jacob Morton, Eſq. Alderman.

THE PEOPLE *verſus* THOMAS HOAG, *alias dictus* JOSEPH PARKER.

The priſoner was indicted for that he Thomas Hoag, late of Haverſtraw, in the county of Rockland, labourer, otherwiſe called Joſeph Parker, now of the city of New York, cartman, on the 8th of May, 1798, at the ſaid city of New York, was lawfully married to Suſan Faeſch, and ſaid Suſan then and there had for a wife, and that the ſaid Thomas, alias &c. &c. &c. afterwards, to wit, on the 25th day of December, 1800, at the county of Rockland, his ſaid wife being then in full life, felonioufly did marry, and to wife did take one Catharine Secor, &c. &c. &c.

To this the priſoner pleaded Not Guilty.

Mr. Riker, diſtrict attorney, proſecuted on the part of the people.

The teſtimony in the cauſe was as follows:—The firſt marriage was admitted by the counſel for the priſoner, to be as ſtated in the indictment, and that the wife was ſtill alive.

On the part of the proſecution;

Benjamin Coe teſtified, that he was one of the judges of the court of common pleas, in the county of Rockland, that he

well knew the priſoner at the bar, that he came to Rockland, in the beginning of September, in the year 1800, and there paſſed by the name of Thomas Hoag; that there was a perſon with him who paſſed for his brother, but between thoſe two perſons there was no ſort of reſemblance; that the priſoner worked for the witneſs about a month, during which time he ſat daily at witneſs's table, and he, of courſe, ſaw him daily; that on the 25th day of December, 1800, witneſs married the priſoner to one Catharine Secor; that witneſs is confident of the time, becauſe he recollected that on that very day one of his own children was chriſtened; that during all the time priſoner remained in Rockland county, witneſs ſaw him continually; he was, therefore, as much ſatisfied that priſoner was Thomas Hoag, as that he himſelf was Benjamin Coe.

John Knapp teſtified, that he knew the priſoner in 1800 and 1801, he was then in Rockland county, and paſſed by the name of Thomas Hoag; that he ſaw him conſtantly for five months during the time the priſoner was at Rockland; that he was at priſoner's wedding; that Hoag had a ſcar under his foot; the way that witneſs knew it was, witneſs and Hoag were leaping together, and witneſs outleaping Hoag; upon which Hoag remarked, that he could not leap as well now as he formerly could, before he received a wound on his foot by treading on a drawing knife; that Hoag then pulled off his ſhoe, and ſhewed witneſs the ſcar under his foot, occaſioned by that wound; the ſcar was very perceptible; witneſs was confident priſoner at the bar was Thomas Hoag.

Catharine Conklin (formerly Catharine Secor, but ſince married to one Conklin) teſtified, that ſhe became acquainted with priſoner in the beginning of September, 1800, when he came to Rockland; he then paſſed by the name of Thomas Hoag, that witneſs ſaw him conſtantly, that priſoner ſhortly after their acquaintance, paid his addreſſes to her, and finally on the 25th of December, married her; that he lived with her till the latter end of March, 1801, when he left her; that ſhe did not ſee him again until two years after; that on the morning of his leaving her, he appeared deſirous of communicating ſomething of importance to her, but was diſſuaded from it by a perſon who was with him, and who paſſed for his brother; that Hoag until his departure, was a kind, attentive, and affectionate huſband; that ſhe was well convinced as ſhe could poſſibly be of any thing in this world, that the priſoner at the bar was the perſon who married her by the name of Thomas Hoag; that ſhe then thought him and ſtill thinks him, the handſomeſt man ſhe ever ſaw. (Here profecutor reſted the cauſe.)

DEFENCE.

Witneſs for the priſoner.

Joſeph Chadwick teſtified, that he had been acquainted with the

the priſoner, Joſeph Parker, a number of years; that witneſs reſides in this city, is a rigger by trade; that priſoner worked in the employ of the witneſs a conſiderable time as a rigger; that priſoner began to work for witneſs in September, 1799, and continued to work for him until the ſpring of 1801; that during that period he ſaw him conſtantly; that it appeared from witneſs's books, that Parker received money from witneſs for work, which he had performed on the following days, viz. on the 16th of October, and 6th and 13th December, 1800; on the 9th, 16th, and 28th of February, and 11th March, 1801; that Parker lived from May, 1800, till ſome time in April, 1801, in a houſe in this city belonging to Captain Pelor; that during that period, and ſince, witneſs had been well acquainted with priſoner.

Iſaac Ryckman teſtified, that he was an inhabitant of this city; that he was well acquainted with Joſeph Parker, the priſoner at the bar, and had known him a number of years; that witneſs and Parker were jointly engaged, in the latter end of the year 1800, in loading a veſſel for a Captain Tredwell of this place; that they began to work on the 20th day of December, 1800, and were employed in the greater part of the month of January, 1801, in the loading of a veſſel; that during that time the witneſs and Parker worked together daily; that witneſs well recollected that they worked together on the 25th day of December, 1800; he remembered it becauſe he never worked on a Chriſtmas day before nor ſince; he knew that Parker lived that year in a houſe belonging to Captain Pelor, and he remembered their borrowing a ſcrew for the purpoſe of packing cotton into the hold of the veſſel they were at, from a Mrs. Mitchell, who lived next door to Parker; that witneſs was one of the city-watch, and that Parker was alſo, at that time, upon the watch, and that witneſs had ſerved with him from that time to the preſent day upon the watch, and never recollected miſſing him at any time during that time from the city.

Aſpinwall Cornwall teſtified, that he lived in Rutter-ſtreet, and had lived there a number of years; that he kept a grocery ſtore; that he knew Parker, the priſoner at the bar, in 1800 and 1801; that Parker then lived in Captain Pelor's houſe; that Parker while he lived there traded with witneſs; that witneſs recollected once miſſing Parker, for a week, and inquiring, found he had been at Staten Iſland, at work on board one of the United States frigates; that excepting that time he never knew him to be abſent from his family, but ſaw him conſtantly.

Elizabeth Mitchell teſtified, that ſhe knew Parker, the priſoner at bar, well; that in the years 1800 and 1801, Parker lived in a houſe adjoining to one in which the witneſs lived; that the houſe Parker lived in, belonged to Captain Pelor; that witneſs was in habits of intimacy with Parker's family, and viſited them conſtantly;

ſtantly; that Parker being one of the city watch, ſhe uſed to hear him rap with his ſtick at the door to awaken his family, upon his return from the watch in the morning; that ſhe alſo remembered perfectly well, Parker's borrowing a ſcrew from her on Chriſtmas day in 1800: ſhe offered him ſome ſpirits to drink, but he preferred a glaſs of wine, which ſhe got for him: the circumſtance of her lending the ſcrew to him, ſhe was the more poſitive of, from recollecting alſo that it was broken by Parker in uſing it; that Parker never lived more than one year in Captain Pelor's houſe, and from that time to the preſent day, witneſs had been on the ſame terms of intimacy with Parker's family. She therefore conſidered it as almoſt impoſſible that Parker could have been abſent from town any time without her knowing it, and ſhe never knew him to be abſent more than one week while he lived at Pelor's houſe.

James Redding teſtified, that he had lived in the city a number of years; that he had known Parker, the priſoner at the bar, from his infancy; that Parker was born at Roe, in Weſt Cheſter county: that Parker in the year 1800 lived in Captain Pelor's houſe; that witneſs ſaw him then continually, and never knew him during that time to be abſent from town any length of time; that witneſs particularly remembered, that while Parker lived in Captain Pelor's houſe, witneſs ſome time in the beginning of the month of January, 1801, aſſiſted Parker in killing a hog.

Lewis Oſborn teſtified, that he had been acquainted with Parker, the priſoner at the bar, for the laſt four years; that witneſs had been one of the city watch; that from June, 1800 to May, 1801, Parker ſerved upon the watch with witneſs; that at firſt Parker ſerved as a ſubſtitute, that is, one who in caſe of the abſence of a regular watchman, ſupplies his place; that witneſs remembered that Parker, a few days after Chriſtmas, in 1800, was placed upon the roll of the regular watch, in the place of one Ranſom who was taken ſick; witneſs was certain it was in the period abovementioned, becauſe that was the only time witneſs ever ſerved upon the watch; that during the above period witneſs and Parker were ſtationed together while on the watch at the ſame poſt; witneſs was certain that Parker, the priſoner at the bar, was the perſon with whom he had ſerved upon the watch, and was confident, that during that time, Parker was never abſent from the watch more that a week at any one time. [The priſoner's counſel here reſted his defence.]

(To be concluded in our next.)

EXTRAORDINARY MISER.

IN the preſent year died, at Cork, a Mr. Wigran, in the 90th year of his age. This man originally from Scotland, felt

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the violence of the diſeaſe of avarice ſo ſtrongly, that, within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat for the purpoſe of making a little ſoup for him. "'Tis true," ſaid he, "I ſhould not diſlike the ſoup, but I have no appetite for the meat; what, then, is to become of that?" At the time that he refuſed this nouriſhment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied round his neck a ſilken bag, which contained three hundred guineas. At his outſet in life he drank a pint of beer, which ſerved him for ſupper, every night at a houſe much frequented, from which he carried home all the bottle-corks he could come at. Of theſe in the courſe of eight years, he had collected as many as ſold for thirty guineas, a ſum that laid the foundation of his future fortune; the ſuperſtructure of which was rapidly raiſed by his uncommon ſucceſs in ſtock-jobbing. He died literally of want, and in the poſſeſſion of 120,000l.

A Geographical, Hiſtorical, and Political View of the Iſland of St. Domingo.

(Continued from Page 190.)

THE ſubſiſtence of the negroes belonging to ſome of the ſtates mentioned is miſerable in the extreme. A certain quantity, not over abundant, of Guinea or Indian corn, a ſalt herring, or perhaps a portion of ruſty bacon or pork, each day, compoſe the diet of theſe unhappy creatures. The clothing conſiſts of a cap, a coarſe ſhirt, a pair of breeches, and a blanket; and this is all the expence the owner is put to, after the firſt purchaſe, in order to enjoy the profit of the endleſs labour of the ſlave; unleſs, indeed, we charge to the account the ſalary given to a ſurgeon or a doctor. Much is expended in this laſt article in every part of the Weſt Indies, as if bleedings, purgings, and alteratives, could be much wanted among creatures who live ſo uniform a life, or as if recourſe to the healing art could counteract or retard the continual deſtruction occaſioned by hard toil and an unwholeſome climate. The negroes of this iſland, more eſpecially thoſe belonging to the French, have in ſome reſpects poſſeſſed an advantage which thoſe belonging to other maſters have not.—They have had ſmall portions of land allotted to them, with a certain time, one day, for inſtance, or two in a week, to cultivate it for their ſubſiſtence. This meaſure may, in a conſiderable degree, have enabled them to raiſe the ſtandard of revolt with more effect. In Jamaica, and ſome of the other iſlands, they are proviſioned chiefly from ſtores; and thus from day to day, and from hand to mouth, their depen-

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dence is more ſecured, and they are kept more tame and ſubmiſſive to their maſters. But bondage, under whatever alleviating circumſtances it may be inflicted, is nevertheleſs a bondage; and the ſlave, believing that his owner has no higher conſideration for him than for a horſe, mule, or other working animal, whoſe labour he would obtain at the ſmalleſt poſſible charge, has no room in his breaſt for gratitude, and can bear no affection for ſuch a maſter. All human nature is impatient under reſtraint, but it revolts at ſlavery, and is ever ready to ſeize the opportunity of freeing itſelf. No wonder, therefore, that the whites in the Weſt India iſlands are kept in conſtant terror of inſurrections and plots, many families retaining twenty and thirty negroes as menial ſervants, who are by far the moſt dangerous of the ſlaves, and, in caſe of inſurrection, have it more in their power to ſtrike a ſudden and fatal blow.

The French revolution proved a quick match to this combuſtion, which muſt, from its own nature, be ever in a condition to take fire. During the monarchy of France, the government of St. Domingo was one of the beſt and moſt lucrative appointments in the gift of the crown. One of theſe governors, ſo appointed, was the marquis de Blancheland, who, with the rank of lieutenant-general, had the government in chief of all the French iſlands in the Weſt Indies. In about ten weeks after the decapitation of Lewis XVI, viz. on the 7th of April, 1793, he was guillotined on the place de la Revolution, by a ſentence of the revolutionary tribunal, for conſpiracy againſt the republic. For ſome time before the death of the above-mentioned governor, the affairs of this once flouriſhing iſland fell into vaſt confuſion; and all thoſe who profeſſed an attachment to royalty, and the ancient order of things, incurred great peril. A few men of reſtleſs diſpoſition, and of ambitious deſigns, by turns directed the predominating ſpirit of this populous colony. One among them, of conſiderable talents and an undaunted ſpirit, like many other prominent figures in the revolution, has often retired under a cloud, but, peculiar to his fate, has re-appeared. More than once has he fallen, as it were, never to riſe again: but, ſtrange to behold, by thoſe who had their eye on the deſtiny or fortune of the chief republican characters of France, this man contrived to ſhift the blame of an unſucceſsful adminiſtration on others' ſhoulders. In the preciſe moment, when the axe was about to fall on the neck of Santhonax, he was not only abſolved, but re-in-ſtated in power as in danger. Thus, while every one conſidered it as impoſſible that either Santhonax or Polverel, the two firſt republican commiſſioners, ſhould eſcape the fate of Briſſot, their creator and patron, they both lived till their maſters had mutually ſealed the death warrant of each other. Thus, after all the proſcriptions of the above eventful period, which can be compared to none but thoſe of Marius and Sylla; one of the

above turbulent ſpirits (for Polverel died in St. Domingo) ſtill inhabits the earth, and, in the words of Macbeth, "lives a proſperous gentleman!"—But before we enter upon the political and civil diſſentions of this intereſting portion of the French empire, it may not be diſagreeable to the reader to learn in what manner it was firſt coloniſed, and became the property of France.

The name St. Domingo is properly applicable to the chief city on the iſland, which, it has been before obſerved, belongs to that portion of it lately ceded by the Spaniards, and was named after a ſaint of pious and popular memory among the Spaniards.—St. Domingo is about three thouſand five hundred miles from the Land's End of England, and its eaſtern point lies in 18° 20′ north latitude, and in 53° 40′ weſt longitude from Greenwich.—This eſtabliſhment, like many others of the Spaniſh, was founded on rapacity, and cemented with blood!

The firſt object of the Spaniſh adventurers was to ranſack the bowels of the earth for ſilver and gold, in which purſuit they murdered more than a million of the peaceful and inoffenſive natives! As the mines became exhauſted, a few of the induſtrious entered upon the cultivation of cacao, ginger, and ſugar; but the majority of the adventurers emigrated upon the diſcovery of new mines in Mexico, and left the ſoil of St. Domingo, deſtitute of its proper owners, to be over-run by the animals with which they had ſtocked it.—Thus does the tyranny of man convert the fruitful habitations of his fellow-creatures into a wilderneſs for beaſts. Such crimes, ſooner or later, bring their own puniſhment, as this did. The Spaniards quitting the iſland, which did not ſatiate their wicked thirſt of gold and ſilver, gave occaſion to a deſperate band of adventurers to reſort to it. Theſe were the famous bucaneers; an aſſociation of men from all countries, and of all deſcriptions; but of whom it may be ſaid, that, if ſelf-preſervation be a law of nature, the wars which they maintained, for above half a century, againſt their oppreſſors were more juſtifiable and legitimate in their origin than all thoſe which the pride and ambition of monarchs and nations have occaſioned from the beginning of the world. The cruelty of the Spaniards compelled theſe men to unite, from a ſenſe of common danger; and the blind policy of the ſame nation, by ſtocking a country of ſuch extent as St. Domingo with cattle, afforded them food, and with the ſkins they purchaſed arms, ammunition, and clothing. The condition of theſe people had been rendered deplorable and deſperate by the outrageous barbarity of the Spaniſh armament, which had expelled them from the iſland of St. Chriſtopher's. They were chiefly Engliſh and French planters; and, as they could not reſiſt ſuch a force, they had no alternative from ſlaughter or ſlavery but flying away in open boats with their families, and poſſeſſing themſelves of the unoccupied iſland of

Tortuga,

Tortuga, lying within a few miles of the northern coaſt of St. Domingo. Here they were joined by a number of Dutch emigrants, whom the like avarice and cruelty of the Spaniards had driven to emigrate from Santa Cruz. Though compoſed of different nations, yet, as companions in adverſity, they were taught more than mutual forbearance, for they lived in harmony. Finding a country of immeaſureable extent ſo near them abounding in cattle, they betook themſelves to hunting, which occupation ſupplied them with food, and left them no time for diſſentions. Tortuga, however, continued their place of retreat, where their women and young people cultivated ſmall plantations of tobacco, the ſmoaking of which in hot and moiſt climates is ſo much, and, perhaps, ſo beneficially practiſed. The covetouſneſs of the Spaniard would not allow theſe miſerable fugitives any comfort or conſolation: an armament was collected to effect their utter extermination. Tyranny has no foreſight, or it ought to have known that the neceſſity and the deſire of hunting would have kept theſe poor creatures for ever quiet and harmleſs. But the Spaniſh commander watched the opportunity when the ableſt of the men had reſorted to the larger iſland in their uſual purſuit, made captives of the women and children, the old and the infirm, and maſſacred them all!! This bigotted nation preſumed to appropriate every country of America to itſelf, and claimed the ſole right of ſailing on any part of the main ocean as, in their judgement, conſtituted a portion of the new hemiſphere. The bucaneers were therefore compelled to turn upon their implacable purſuers, and wage offenſive war on thoſe who were bent upon their deſtruction. Hoſtility cannot be defended on better ground.

Their mode of life inuring them to the climate, and being animated by all the motives and paſſions which can inflame the human mind to great exertions, they became the moſt formidable antagoniſts which the Spaniards had ever encountered, and diſplayed ſuch deeds of valour as have never been equalled before or ſince.

From a party of theſe adventurers (chiefly natives of Normandy) the French colony of St. Domingo originated. It is probable that among them might be found men who had been forced from Europe by indigent circumſtances and deſperate fortunes; or, perhaps, the conſcioufneſs of crimes which might have ſubjected them to impriſonment and puniſhment, if they had ſtayed at home. The exceſſes of this aſſociation have been branded with infamy, from the facts publiſhed about a hundred years ago in a narrative called "The Hiſtory of the Bucaneers." The original, however, from which ſo many authors have largely quoted, as of unqueſtionable authority, was written in Dutch by John Eſquemeling, who confeſſes that he had been a bucaneer, and was expelled their ſociety. The Engliſh edition was taken

from a Spaniſh tranſlation, and that expoſes it to ſtill ſtronger ſuſpicion. The Pere Charlevoix has written a full account of the progreſſive purſuits of theſe people, and the maintaining their footing till the French government accepted their ſubmiſſion, and obtained a formal and final ceſſion of the weſtern part of St. Domingo by the peace of Ryſwick.

(To be continued.)

A CLERGYMAN's LEGACY *to his* PARISHIONERS.

AS the laſt advice of a dying friend may have often a better effect than his living advice, I have ordered theſe few rules, my brethren, to be printed, and diſtributed among you at my funeral. They contain the ſum of what inſtruction I may, at different times, have given you.

The great end for which God Almighty ſent us into this world, I have often informed you, is to fit us for Heaven. Why God, inſtead of making us happy at once, thought proper to lead us to a ſtate of happineſs in Heaven through a ſtate of trial in this world, is a queſtion we have nothing to do with. It is God's pleaſure it ſhould be ſo; and we have only to ſubmit to his means of making us happy, and to take it for granted they are the beſt. We are to conſider ourſelves, therefore, as placed in this world, as in a ſchool of preparation to fit us for the next, by laying aſide all wickedneſs; and fitting ourſelves for a ſtate of purity. I ſhall therefore give a few rules to ſhew you what is required of us in our paſſage through this world.

To God our firſt duties are owing. As we receive all from God, he has a claim on the utmoſt of our love and gratitude. Through him we live: through him we are preſerved: and through his mercy we are redeemed, by the atonement of Chriſt, from the evil conſequences of ſin. To him, therefore, we ſhould ſhew our gratitude by daily prayer. Make him your friend by a good life, and through faith in the merits of our bleſſed Redeemer, you may hope to be accepted by him. He will ſupport you when every thing elſe fails.

Whoever neglects the church, can have little regard for religion; and he who neglects the ſacrament, can have as little for the dying commands of that Saviour who died for his ſins.

Never let an oath come out of your mouth. As there is no temptation to ſwear, it is in fact doing the devil's work for nothing.

Be honeſt and fair in your dealings. Tricking and cheating ſerve only a *preſent occaſion*—they never turn out well in the end. Conſider alſo, that if you are in any pariſh office, it is as unjuſt to cheat the pariſh, as to cheat a neighbour; indeed it is worſe, as you break a truſt.

Take care not to get a habit of drinking. As drunkenneſs includes every vice and folly, nothing is more offenſive to God. The man is turned into a beaſt. Conſider alſo that there is no vice more eaſily learned; a few times going to the alehouſe will form a habit.

In your meetings with each other, never ſpeak ill of thoſe who are abſent. Be not rough and abuſive to thoſe who are preſent; and never defile your lips with lewd and filthy diſcourſe; ſuch diſcourſe ſhews you have corrupt hearts yourſelves, and tends to corrupt others.

Be induſtrious in your callings. Do the beſt you can yourſelves, but leave the event to God.

In your families be kind and gentle. Spend what you earn at home, not on yourſelves. Inſtruct your children as well as you can; and above all things ſet them a good example. If the father lets his ſon hear him ſwear, or ſee him drunk, or cheat, he muſt not wonder if his ſon turns out ill.

Young men who have the ſame wages as thoſe who have families, ought to lay by a little every week. It will teach them to be frugal, and enable them, when they have families, to furniſh a houſe.

Do theſe things, and you will be happier in this world than wickedneſs can make you: and I hope we ſhall all meet again together in a bleſſed eternity hereafter; which is the ſincere prayer of your affectionate miniſter,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

Vicar's-Hill, April 6, 1804.

[For ſome particulars relative to this excellent clergyman we refer our readers to the 15th page of our preſent volume.]

Extract, copied from a very ſcarce Book, called Heath's Chronicle, publiſhed in 1675, *containing the Account of a bold but unſucceſs Attempt of Invaſion, by the Dutch Fleet, under Admiral De Ruyter, in* 1667, *about the latter End of May in that Year, which was fruſtrated by the Gallantry and Bravery of the Devonians and Cornwallians.*

ADMIRAL DE RUYTER appeared off the Eddyſtone, and lay too all the night of the 20th May, 1667; and on the enſuing morning ſtood in towards the May Stone, and ſent up Wembury river a number of boats manned and armed, whoſe orders were to endeavour to make a landing, but the country having been alarmed, by the appearance of ſo many enemies ſhips, was fully equipped and prepared to receive them, and the militia and *poſſe comitatus* gave them ſo warm a reception, and

ſo

ſo warm a return to their vollies, that the Dutchmen were fain glad to return to their boats with all the ſpeed they were able, and rowed off to their ſhips, leaving many ſlain and wounded on the beach.

Finding this would not do, they tried to accompliſh it by fair, ſoothing means, when they found foul means would not anſwer their purpoſe, and ſent aſhore to the commander of the militia a boat with an officer and a white flag, deſiring friendſhip and leave to buy freſh victuals, but were anſwered that nothing of that nature could poſſibly be granted without leave of their chief officer, who was abſent on duty for ſome days.

De Ruyter then made another vigorous attempt, with twelve launches and boats full of men, to have landed at Cawſand, now Cawſand Bay, in Cornwall, while their fleet anchored in the bay of Cawſand, as cloſe in as they dared venture, and ſpent their ſhot within muſket ſhot of the ſhore (though God be praiſed in vain) for above an hour, but at length were all beaten off by the foot which were placed on the ſhore in the full expectation of their landing, and gave them three cheers, and a full diſcharge of artillery and harquebuſſes, as they cut their cables, and the ſhips of war and boats ſtood off to ſea.

Admiral de Ruyter then ſent out aſhore another boat with two officers and a white flag, deſiring to ſpeak with the commander in chief, who was Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bart. and were brought before him; they firſt deſired from their admiral or general to know what news there was of peace; next they deſired to have leave to buy proviſions, excuſing the hoſtilities paſt—as done without leave or order of the general commanding the land forces, who had no commiſſion to moleſt or trouble any people on land, offering the faith of the ſeven men of war for any proviſions ſent aboard their fleet, for coming aboard and going aſhore in ſafety. Sir Jonathan Trelawny diſmiſſed them with a promiſe of a ſpeedy anſwer, and upon a ſerious conſultation with the earl of Bath, governor of Plymouth, and commander in chief of the forces in the weſt, it was agreed in council that Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Mr. Maynard Sparke, and Mr. Windham, ſhould go on board.

At their approach, Admiral de Ruyter met them at the boat's ſide, and inviting them on board, ſaluted them with 13 guns, excuſing what had paſt, and promiſing for the future, that no acts of that nature ſhould be committed while he was on the coaſt. De Witt, Doleman, and Count de Horne, with about 30 Dutch captains more, attended the Engliſh in the great cabin, where they offered a preſent to Admiral de Ruyter, for his own table, but he refuſed any greater ſupply until peace was proclaimed; accordingly upon their return the earl of Bath ſent the Dutch admiral a preſent of freſh proviſions, with a fat buck and ſome fruit, which de Ruyter received with ſeven guns, as an acknowledgement.

ledgement. Notwithſtanding all theſe fair promiſes, after he parted from Plymouth, two of his men of war came before the harber of Foy, advancing near the ſhoar, plyed with their broad-ſides certain works that were newly raiſed at the entry of the harber, but after an hour and half plying with their great guns, they were forced to retire with loſs, and their ſides battered, with heavy ſhot in their hull from the ſhoar, and the loſs of one of their maſts, and ſeveral men killed and wounded, without any loſs to the Engliſh; after this they were ſeen to hover about the coaſts without any farther damage or attempts on Devon or Cornwall; a peace was proclaimed on the 14th of Auguſt, 1667, at Breda, when the Dutch ſhips returned home.

Remarkable CASE *of* CANINE MADNESS.

THE following melancholy and well-atteſted caſe of this terrible malady, while it muſt neceſſarily increaſe the dread of it, ſhould alſo ſtimulate to an uninterrupted and long-continued application of the uſual remedies, as it clearly ſhews that the poiſon may remain dormant for a conſiderably longer period than is generally ſuppoſed.

To Gilbert Grierſon, Eſq. Senior Magiſtrate of Leith.

SIR,

As you have thought it your duty to call upon me for an authenticated account of the melancholy inſtance of canine madneſs in Thomas Maſon, porter, Giles-ſtreet, that it may ſerve as a caution to others, and a motive to particular vigilance in future, I ſend you the following note:—

Upon the 9th December, laſt, in paſſing through Quality-ſtreet, he was called to aſſiſt in killing a mad dog. He ſeized the dog by the throat; it bit his hand nearly through, betwixt the bones of the thumb and fore finger, and retained the hold until it was ſtabbed.

On Thurſday laſt the ſymptoms of this terrible diſeaſe commenced with pain and numbneſs of the arm and hand bit, and ſpaſms in the neck and cheſt. On Friday the horror of water became the moſt ſtriking ſymptom of the diſeaſe, and was marked in the moſt unequivocal manner, for even the word water threw him into a violent convulſion and alarm.

The diſeaſe now took its moſt dreadful form: but the deſcription of theſe ſymptons here can have no uſeful purpoſe. On Tueſday he was exhauſted and died.

I may farther remark to you, that all uneaſineſs and alarm for the conſequences of the bite had long ceaſed with this poor man, and imagination had nothing to do with the diſeaſe. If any thing farther than the characteriſtic ſymptoms were neceſſary to

prove

prove the exiſtence of this diſeaſe, and make the more ſceptical gladly acquieſce in every meaſure of precaution, that proof might be found in the appearance of diſſection. The body was very minutely examined by Mr. Charles Bell, who is accuſtomed to controul every feeling of diſguſt or apprehenſion, where the intereſts of humanity may be in the event benefited by ſuch inveſtigations. The throat, ſtomach, and brain, were much diſeaſed.

I have the honour to be Sir,
Your moſt obedient ſervant,
J. CHEYNE, Jun. M. D.

Leith, Auguſt 9, 1804.

ACCOUNT *of* NEW HOLLAND.

[From Lieutenant Grant's Narrative of his Voyage to New South Wales.]

NEW Holland, which comprehends New South Wales, is an iſland of very large extent, lying between 10 and 39 degrees nearly of ſouthern latitude. From its vaſt extent its climate is various, and future ſettlers will be able to make their choice. It may be preſumed capable of producing whatever is raiſed in the ſame degrees of northern latitude, which will include ſilk, wine, oil, fruits, grain, &c. It has a number of ſafe and capacious harbours. The horned cattle which had ſtrayed into the woods are now greatly multiplied; and it is matter of regret that ſwine have not ſtrayed in the ſame manner, and it is probable, from the prolific nature of that animal, the breed of wild hogs would by this time have been conſiderable. Sheep are found to ſucceed well; and the ſpecimens of yarn ſpun from their wool, and brought over here, have been much approved of. The breed of horſes is good, and the increaſe of that uſeful animal is great. Materials proper for the purpoſes of dyeing are plentiful; and fuſtick is now cut in Hunter's River. Iron is found in the neighbourhood of Sydney, and in other parts. The ſalutary effects of the air of New South Wales is perceptible in that part of the dwellers brought over in baniſhment: theſe are obſerved to become, in a ſhort time, ſtout and healthy, and their offſpring vigorous and promiſing. The ſmall-pox, that dreadful ſcourge of the human race, which has proved ſo fatal at the Cape of Good Hope and other ſettlements, has been hitherto unknown in South Wales, for which reaſon inoculation has never been practiſed here: when vaccination is introduced, it will effectually remove all apprehenſions of the diſeaſe in future.

The native of New Holland is found in the genuine ſtate of nature; he goes perfectly naked in winter as well as in ſummer. His wants being thoſe of all the animal creation, are eaſily ſupplied: theſe are food and reſt: the former is ſupplied to him by the elements of earth, air, and water; the latter he finds when and wherever he chuſes to ſeek it. That labour which is ſo neceſſary to procure him food, together with its ſimplicity, contributes to the enjoyment of the ſoundeſt and moſt refreſhing reſt, at the hour he is inclined to take it. He has then only to ſeek for the longeſt and drieſt graſs, and the tree that affords the moſt ſhelter.

Such being the uniform courſe of his life from day to day, and from year to year, his ſtock of ideas muſt neceſſarily be very ſmall; and his language, as he can have very little to communicate or to diſcuſs, muſt be greatly circumſcribed; confined to a very few words, liable to be exchanged for new ones, as objects ariſe or vary from time to time. This being conſidered, it will not appear ſtrange that there ſhould be no ſettled nor fixed ſpeech prevailing amongſt the natives of New Holland; and it will account for what has been thought matter of aſtoniſhment and wonder, that the New Hollander coming from one part appears to find a difficulty in converſing with the native of another, though perhaps ſeparated at no very great diſtance. The New Hollander is naturally mild and placable, and unleſs injured and aggrieved, quiet and inoffenſive. He is not deficient in point of courage, and is ſkilful in the uſe of the club, ſhield, and ſpear. To the honour of the Britiſh ſettlers of New South Wales be it recorded, that no inſtances of cruelty or oppreſſion can be proved to have been exerciſed againſt the natives; but, on the contrary, every means uſed to render them comfortable and happy.

LIFE *of the late* ADMIRAL LORD DUNCAN.

THIS brave man was a younger ſon of Mr. Duncan, of Lundie, in Perthſhire, the repreſentative of an ancient family, much honoured in that part of the kingdom. He was born on the 1ſt of July, 1731. After receiving a liberal education, he entered, at an early age, into the naval ſervice, and was preſent as midſhipman and as lieutenant in ſeveral of the moſt gallant and ſucceſsful actions, in the war of 1756. Mr. Duncan was promoted on the 25th of February, 1761, to the rank of poſt-captain. In the war with America, he ſerved as captain on board the flag-ſhip of Admiral Keppel, whoſe particular eſteem and patronage he had obtained, by his gallant conduct and amiable character.

The captain married a daughter of the late Lord Preſident Dundas, niece to Lord Melville. With this lady he lived, in great domeſtic felicity, at Edinburgh, ſuperintending the education of his children, and enjoying the high eſteem of all who were moſt reſpectable in that capital, in the interval between the American war, and the laſt unfortunate war with France. On the 24th of September, 1787, Captain Duncan was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral. He was made a vice-admiral in 1793.

In 1795 he became, in the courſe of promotion, one of the admirals of the blue. He was then called to the command of the fleet acting off the Texel, againſt the Dutch, and hoiſted his flag on board the Venerable. He had the mortification to ſee the mutiny extend, in June, 1797, to almoſt all the ſeamen of the ſhips under his command. But they ſtill reſpected his perſon, his ſeaman-like gallantry and frankneſs, his calm intrepidity, his modeſt good ſenſe and worth. At the moſt critical moment of the mutiny, he addreſſed them, in a ſhort ſpeech, manly, plain, and pathetic; in fact, one of the beſt ever uttered by a ſailor on ſuch an occaſion, and which operated with extraordinary effect, in tranquillizing the ſeamen, and bringing them back to due obedience.

Soon after, on the 11th of October, the Dutch fleet ventured out from the Texel; Admiral Duncan diſpoſed his ſquadron ſo as to prevent their immediate retreat; they were brought to an engagement; the great action between Egmont and Camperdown was fought, and one of the moſt glorious victories in the annals of naval heroiſm was gained. His country, then, did juſtice to his merits. On the 21ſt of October, 1797, Admiral Duncan was raiſed to the dignity of the Britiſh peerage, with the title of Lord Viſcount Duncan, baron of Lundie. He had before, on the death of his elder brother, Colonel Duncan, ſucceeded to the family inheritance of Lundie. Parliament, upon a propoſition from his majeſty, alſo ſettled a penſion of 2000l. a year on Lord Duncan, to be continued to the two next heirs to his titles.

His lordſhip has ſince ſpent ſome years in virtuous and happy retirement; not without having to mourn ſome ſevere family afflictions, nor without many ſources of ſweet domeſtic ſatisfaction. He had come to London, in the ſummer of the preſent year, at the perſuaſion of his relation, Lord Melville, with a view to return, in this criſis, to ſome eminent public command. He was too much a good man, to refuſe to devote the laſt hours of his life to the ſervice of his country. But his health was ſenſibly impaired: he had lately a ſudden affection, very ſimilar to a ſtroke of apoplexy. He haſtened down to his family and friends in Scotland. On his journey he met that ſtroke of death, for which as a hero, a Chriſtian, a man who had

enjoyed

enjoyed the glories and comforts of this world, and had, in the loſs of ſome of his children, felt its afflictions, he was not unprepared. " Now, O Lord," might he ſay, " letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace!"

He died at Cornhill, near Coldſtream, on his way to Mr. Buchan's, of Kelſo, near Dunſe, in Scotland, after a few minutes illneſs, of a ſecond fit, of the apoplectic kind.

It would, perhaps, be difficult to find in modern hiſtory another man, in whom, with ſo much meekneſs, modeſty, and unaffected dignity of mind, were united ſo much genuine ſpirit, ſo much of the ſkill and fire of profeſſional genius; ſuch vigorous, active, civil wiſdom; ſuch alacrity and ability for great achievements with ſuch entire indifference for their ſucceſs, except ſo far as it might contribute to the good of his country.

Lord Duncan was tall, above the middle ſize, and of an athletic and finely proportioned figure. His countenance was thought to be remarkably expreſſive of the ingenuous excellencies of his mind.

FASHIONS *for* SEPTEMBER.

Promenade Dresses.

ROUND dreſs of white muſlin, made high round the boſom, with a lace frill; long ſleeves. A pink and white ſhawl of clear muſlin. A gipſey hat, of ſtraw or chip, tied under the chin with pink ribbands; a roſe in front.—Dreſs of white muſlin, with lace tucker. Scarf ſhawl of clear muſlin, lined with purple. Small ſtraw hat, turned up all round, and tied under the chin with purple ribbands; flower in front.

Head Dresses.

A bonnet of black ſilk, trimmed with purple; ſhort black lace veil. A cap of white muſlin, ornamented with pink bows. A morning cap of white lace, with a purple Barcelona handkerchief pinned over the back part, and tied under the chin. A white beaver hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with a flower. A dreſs hat of white ſilk, trimmed with purple; a purple and white oſtrich feather in front. A converſation hat of ſtraw, lined and tied under the chin with purple. A ſmall ſtraw hat, trimmed with purple; feather of the ſame colour in front. An Obi hat, tied under the chin with pink ribband. A ſmall bonnet of white ſatin, turned up on one ſide, and ornamented with a white flower.

General Observations.

The moſt faſhionable colours are purple, lilac, pink, and blue. Straw hats are ſtill univerſally worn, as are ſcarf cloaks, lined with coloured ſilks. The piquet or leno muſlins, worn over coluored ſilk, and trimmed with lace, are much approved for dreſſes.

CAMARET BAY.

WE once ſent an expedition againſt this part of the French coaſt, in the reign of King William. On the 5th of June, 1694, Lord Berkeley, admiral of the blue, parted from Admiral Ruſſel, with twenty-nine ſail of the line, Engliſh and Dutch, beſides frigates, fire-ſhips, and tranſports. On the 7th he came to anchor between Bertram Bay and Camaret (a ſmall neck of land in the mouth of the river of Breſt) notwithſtanding the enemy's bombs from Camaret weſtern point, from a caſtle on a high rock in Bertram Bay, and from two forts. On the 8th, eight ſhips of the line ſtood in under the fire of many batteries, and forced the French, by their fire, to run twice out of Camaret Fort. General Talmaſh then landed with 900 men in a confuſed manner; they were obliged to go back to their boats, and moſt of theſe being aground, 400 were killed or drowned, and as many made priſoners. General Talmaſh, ſhot in the thigh, died a few days afterwards, much lamented.

AN ANECDOTE.

IN the life of Biſhop Ward, written by Dr. Walter Pope, that biographer ingenuouſly relates the following anecdote of himſelf.

In making the grand tour of France, we lodged at a village near La Rochelle, whoſe name I have forgot; the travellers were ſo many, that we were forced to ſup in a barn, upon ſeveral tables and forms, there being no room in the inn capable of ſo great a company. The ſupper and wine was good, and I had taken a cheerful cup, though not to exceſs, yet ſufficient to cauſe me to do that which otherwiſe I ſhould not have done.

The ſcholars of Oxford, and I among the reſt, had a fooliſh frolic when they were in their merriment, to twirle round the hats of thoſe who ſate near them, and call them cuckolds. This did I, not conſidering where or what company I was, to a French gentleman who ſate over againſt me: upon which he immediately leaps from his ſeat, runs to me, and kiſſes me on both cheeks, adding theſe words, "Sir, I am more obliged to you than to any perſon in the world." "And why, Sir?" replied I. "Becauſe," ſaid he, "you have pickt me out for ſo good a natur'd man, that would not take this action of yours for an affront."

I replied, with much ſhame, "Sir, you have cured me, I humbly thank you for it; had I met with a perſon of leſs diſcretion, who could not diſtinguiſh between an ignorant ſtranger's frolic, and a deſign to affront, it might have endangered my life, whereas I ſhall now only loſe an ill cuſtom, which is better loſt than retained."

Anſwer, by J. T. Symons, of Exeter, to R. Holwell's Rebus, inſerted July 16.

SURELY I think by what I've ſeen,
That CELERY is what you mean.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from William Strong, of the city of Exeter.

Anſwer, by Primroſe, of Taunton, to P. Ninnis's Charade, inſerted July 23.

IN DENHAM's pages we ſhall often find
Strong ſterling ſenſe, with majeſty combin'd.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. T Symons, J. Squance, W. Commins, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; Inamoratus, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Thomas Jarvis, of Malborough; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; and J. Channon, of Ottery.

Anſwer, by E. Taylor, of Ilfington, to T. Rutger's Charade, inſerted July 23.

HEAVEN's bounteous hand the fields with *Corn* doth ſtrew,
And fruits delicious on the *Wall* do grow:
Join theſe aright, you'll find, in conſequence,
That CORNWALL is your place of reſidence.

‖*‖ Similar anſwers have been received from J. G. jun. of Plymouth; Inamoratus, of Aſhburton; J. T. Symons, P. Gove, J. Squance, T. Whicker, W. Commins, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; Primroſe, of Taunton; and J. Whittle, of Upway.

A REBUS, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

IF you, ye gents. my firſt wiſh to deviſe,
An interjection name;
When ſtruck with wonder or ſurprize
We oft expreſs the ſame.

A liquid conſonant ſelect,
And with preciſion join;
An outer covering detect
And then thoſe parts combine.

O may my whole abundant be!
Throughout this favour'd land;
That we may ſtill the goodneſs ſee
Of God's all-bounteous hand!

A CHARADE, *by W. Bedford, of Crediton.*

WITH rapid progreſs and conſuming haſte,
My firſt I've known whole towns quick to lay waſte;
Yet uſeful too 'tis found, without it ſure
Drear winter's reign we hardly could endure;
When from the boiſterous main the tar ſhall come,
Dear is my laſt, and bids him welcome home:

Theſe join'd you ſee what now I have in view,
And if the French ſhould land you'll ſee it too.

POETRY.

STANZAS *to* MARY.

O MARY! whilſt the beams of joy
Within thy fickle boſom ſhine,
Thou little heed'ſt, thou little know'ſt,
The bitter pangs that torture mine.
Whilſt fancy paints the world ſerene,
And hope with wanton ſong beguiles;
I ſigh amidſt the crowded ſcene,
And think on thy deluding ſmiles.

When rapture to her hall invites,
Or bids thee thro' her mazes fly,
The night ſtar guides my wand'ring feet,
The chill gale bears my waſting ſigh.
Each mournful night my footſteps calls
To ruin'd ſcenes and tott'ring aiſles;
Where, far from rapture's revel halls,
I think on thy deluding ſmiles.

O Mary! when the bands of ſleep
With ſweet compulſion ſeal thine eyes,
Think'ſt thou the dream that crowns thy reſt,
E'er to my couch of ſorrow flies?
The only bliſs my ſoul can know,
The only viſion that beguiles,
Is juſt to ſteal awhile from woe,
And dream of thy deluding ſmiles.

When to the voice of pride I turn,
And clothe my ſorrow in diſdain;
When darkneſs ſhrouds my ſinking form,
And ſilence lures me to complain:
Alike in dreary ſcenes forlorn,
Or 'midſt the world's betraying wiles,
Fond mem'ry checks the riſing ſcorn,
And dwells on thy deluding ſmiles.

P. M. JANUS.

MARY's GRAVE.

O! you that thro' this churchyard ſtray,
With heavy heart and footſtep ſlow,
At virtue's tomb a moment ſtay,
And let the tear of pity flow.

In this laſt home, the dreary grave,
The cold remains of Mary lie;
No laurels here their branches wave,
No gaudy ſtone attracts the eye.

Yet brighter glories round her wait,
That e'en to death a luſtre give:
They mock th' untimely hand of fate,
And bid her virtues life ſurvive.

The grateful heart each peaſant bears
For gifts by pity's hand beſtow'd;
The widow's ſighs, the orphan's tears,
Attend her to this laſt abode.

Her life was chaſte, was pure as ſnow,
And, ah! like ſnow, was ſhortly gone:
Her heart could melt at others' woe,
And bear with fortitude her own.

Now, ſtranger, go! life's courſe purſue!
And, as you plough its ſtormy wave,
May memory oft the tear renew,
Which ſoftly dropped on—Mary's grave!

H. F.

Verſes, written by H. Fletcher, on a blank Leaf in Dr. Aikin's Letters to a young Lady on a Courſe of Engliſh Poetry.

GO, little book, let Stella's eyes
On thy inſtructive pages beam;
And veiling truth in fiction's guiſe,
Teach her to love the poet's dream:
Bid her confeſs its magic power,
When genius dares, in fancy's ſtolen hour,
To virtue dedicate the moral theme.

Be thou her guide, her footſteps lead,
Where inſpiration's blooming flowers
Enamel learning's cultur'd mead,
Or deck imagination's bowers;
Where never-failing ſprings ſupply
Their ſtreams of life, and where an April ſky
Smiles, like the tender muſe, thro' rainbow ſhowers.

Do thou ſelect for Stella's breaſt
The flowers that glow with brighteſt hues;
Her gentle heart, with feeling bleſt,
Shall waſh their leaves in pity's dews.

O!

O! bloſſoms, cull'd from gardens fair,
Where lyres, unſeen, ſalute the murmuring air,
You'll find in Stella's breaſt another muſe!

And point out folly's gaudy weeds,
That hail with noxious breath the morn;
And dulneſs, too, whoſe poppy ſeeds
O'er cultivation's fields are borne;
The varniſh'd fruit that tempts the eye
But mocks the touch—O! hollow flattery!
And envy's nightſhade fenc'd by ſatire's thorn.

And now explore the cypreſs grove,
Where ſorrow wakes, with mournful ſtrings,
The verſe that tells of faithful love,
And feeds the hopeleſs flames it ſings:
As Stella's eyes the tear reveal,
Teach her to pity, and ſhe'll learn to feel:
So muſic mounts to ſympathetic ſprings.

THE FOUNDLING.

ON ſeeing a beautiful infant, about a month old, in the arms of a lady, at whoſe door it had been left about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, March 25, 1804, neatly clothed, and carefully wrapped to defend it from cold: accompanied alſo by a letter, in which were ſtrongly pourtrayed the grief and diſtraction of the unhappy mother, on being compelled thus to abandon her child; and earneſtly imploring, on its behalf, that protection which, from deſertion and diſtreſs of circumſtances, it was no longer in her own power to afford.

O! what a piteous ſight is there!
The helpleſs victim of deſpair,
In mercy's lap reclin'd.
Poor, blameleſs, blighted child of woe!
Thou doſt not yet thy ſuff'rings know,
Nor know thy parents kind.

Alas! what guilt, or miſery hard,
Could quench a mother's fond regard,
Could ſever nature's ties?
Could drop, forſaken, and forlorn,
Her ſon, her ſuckling, newly born,
To *pain* a ſtranger's eyes?

Perhaps, once happy, artleſs maid!
She fell by artifice betray'd,
And thought the vows ſincere,
Which left her in a bitter hour,
For ſhame and anguiſh to devour,
Without one pitying tear.

Perhaps an outcaſt from her home;
Afraid to ſtay, unus'd to roam,
She ſought in vain relief:
Till hunger, cold, and toil, combin'd,
To 'numb her limbs, and wring her mind,
And break her heart with grief.

Ah! what could make, but horror wild,
A mother thus forſake her child,
And ſpurn the charge ſhe bore?
Reject it from her heaving breaſt,
And leave it, an unbidden gueſt,
At a promiſcuous door?

Yet not promiſcuous: He, unſeen,
Who knows what human ſorrows mean,
Thy wandering footſteps led,
Where dwelt humanity to feel,
And ready ſkill was prompt to heal
Thine infant well nigh dead.

So, when a tyrant's cruel breath
Had doom'd each Hebrew ſon to death,
To ſooth his guilty fear;
Young Moſes, by the river ſide,
Within his feeble ark had died,
But providence was near.

He bid th' Egyptian princeſs find
The babe, and with a tender mind,
Compaſſionate its tears:
From ſedgy Nile the prophet roſe,
Who ſav'd his race, and cruſh'd their foes,
In his ſucceeding years.

Who knows but this poor little frame
May hold a ſpark of future fame,
Which time ſhall give to ſhine?
Matur'd to happier days, he may,
With filial love, your cares repay,
And cheer your life's decline.

Almighty love, what words are thine!
"Ye outcaſts! I adopt you mine!
"Your parent, hope, and ſtay:
"A mother may her ſon forſake,
"But I my cov'nant will not break,
"Nor caſt my child away."

Epitaph on a Young Lady who did ſuddenly, written by her Lover.

WHERE mournful o'er the tombs the willow weeps,
Where ev'n the woe-worn wretch in quiet ſleeps;
Where love puts out his torch, and breaks his dart,
There Olive lies, and there lies Edward's heart.